



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

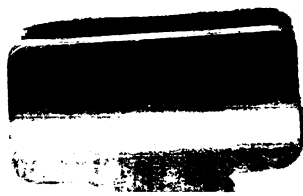
UC-NRLF



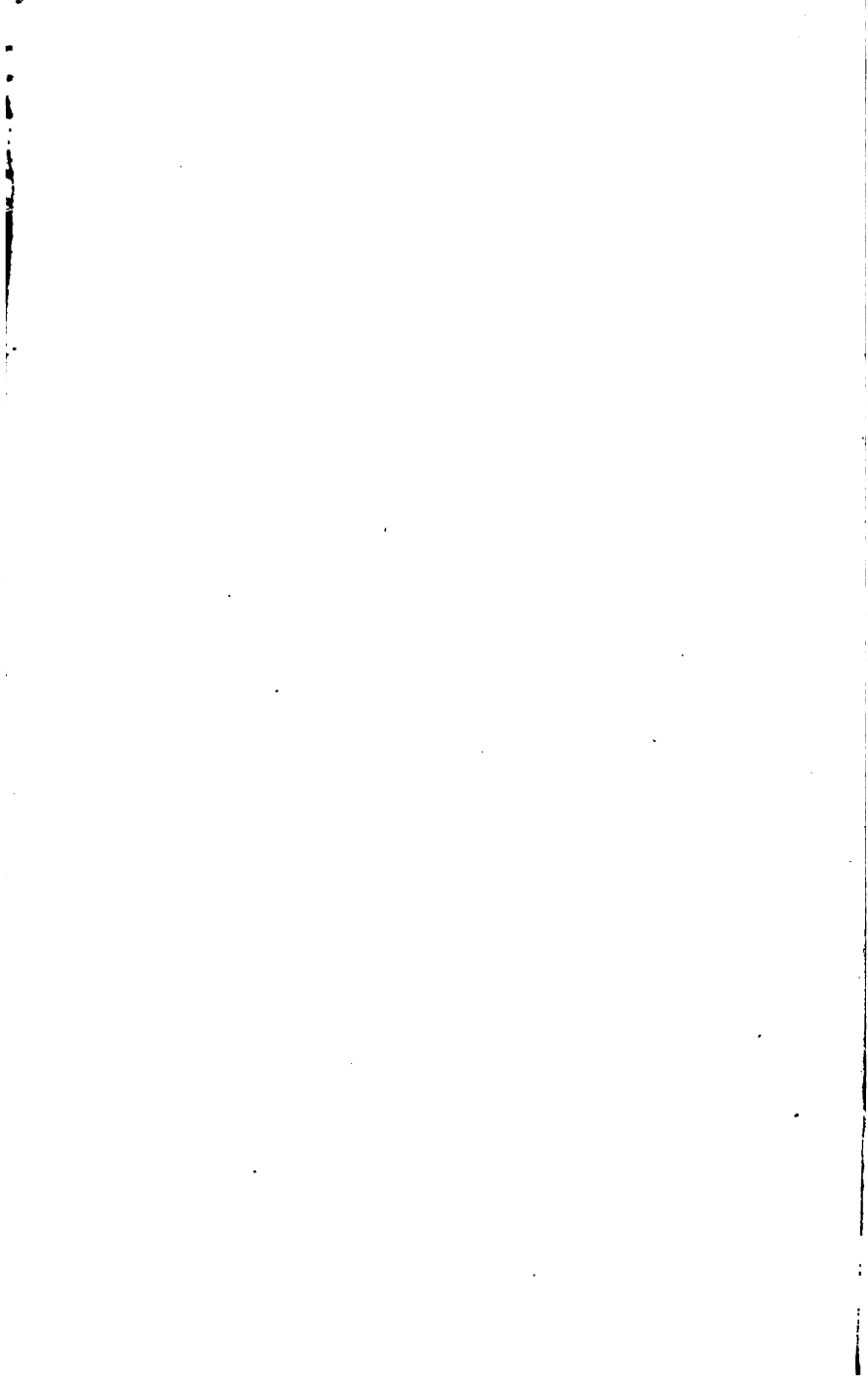
\$B 249 006

YB73628

BERKELEY  
LIBRARY  
OF



1st edn 5/6



AN ELEGY



# AN ELEGY

BY

VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD,  
LONDON & NEW YORK. MDCCCCIV.



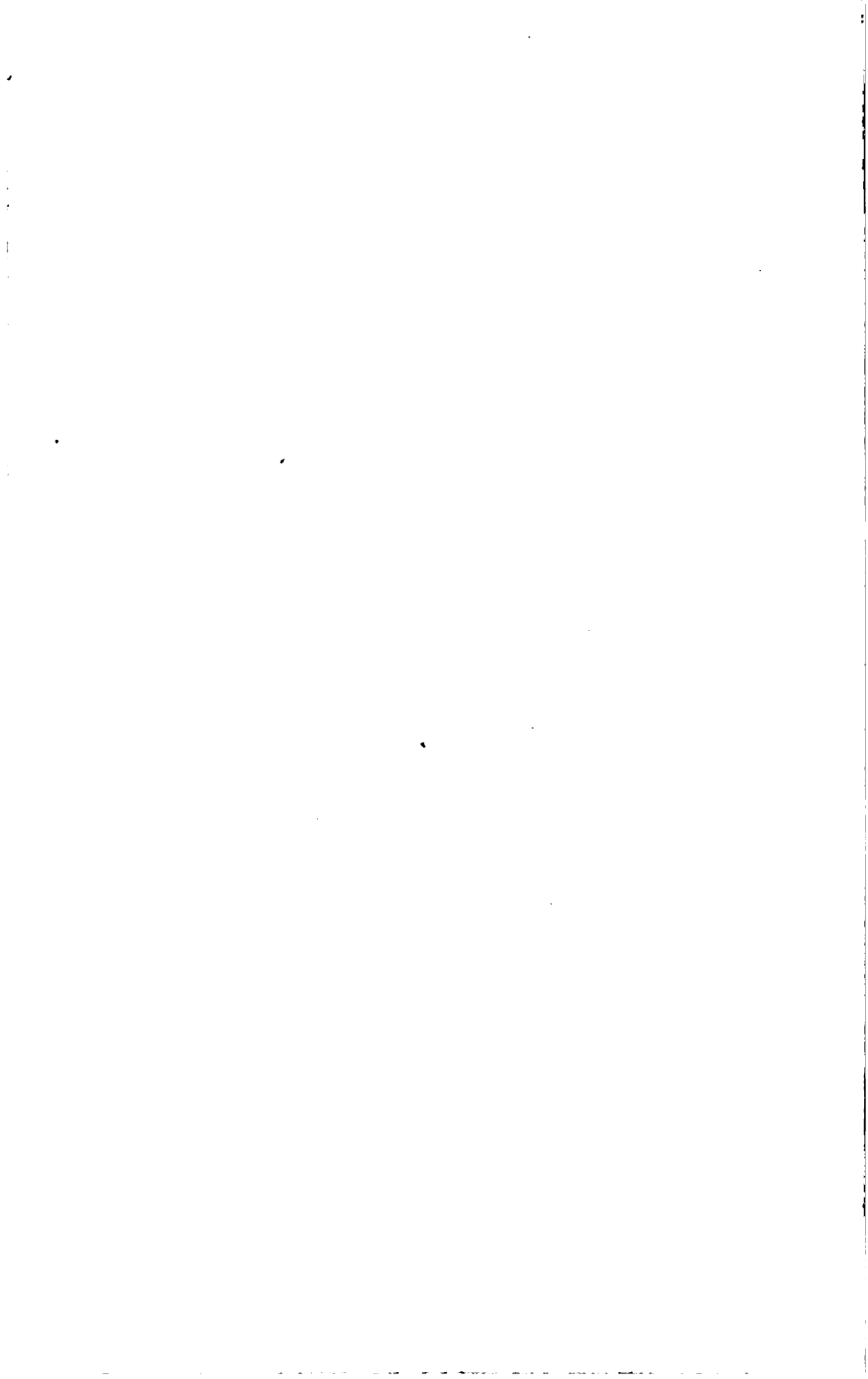
Richard Folkard & Son,  
Devonshire Street, London, W.C.

959  
E47  
ele

## AN ELEGY.

TO F. W. A., DIED 1901.

*Loud master-voices, tongues of many lands,  
Have tolled lost loves towards eternity,  
Building them monuments not made with hands,  
Enduring epitaphs of poesy.  
Were I promoted to their gathering,  
That these poor preludes of an after-fame  
Might meet the doom with nobler minstrelsies,  
The noted value of my offering  
Were friendship's dues done in another name,  
And for love's sake a stranger's obsequies.*



I.

I.

ONE came, no mortal shape, yet antitype  
Of the serenest form that ever graced  
This mouldy element with blushing-ripe  
Perfection, such as angel may have traced  
On heavenly tablets, dreaming of an art  
Superior to that ancient vision grown  
Into celestial actuality ;  
But of that Form, as yet no more. I part  
Ev'n from the Earth of my own soul, alone  
To drop the plummet in eternity.

I.

2.

SHE came, the being that my soul has seen

Likest to all mine eyes have ever loved,  
And o'er my reverie I felt her lean,

Heard her reproach me for a faith unproved.  
To whom: "My Life! My Muse! Have I not done  
Thy gentle service all these years; pursued  
My thoughtful destinies, holding thee near,  
Nearer and nearest to me?"—Scarce begun  
My vain dispute, when she was gone. I viewed  
The last of her, a beckoning and a tear.

I.

3.

ENOUGH! And Meditation turns away  
To deeps of unshed tears and griefs more holy  
Than she has used to link from day to day  
Into the dull and awful melancholy  
That here lies shattered like a wintry eve  
Whose sodden gloom has yielded to the stars  
On fire with passion at the moon's eclipse.  
—Elves of mock-mourning, that so soon deceive  
The heart that pampers you! Its fulness bars  
Your ingress now. Seek speech at other lips.

I.

4.

To that vast mourning, that heroic pain  
Whose anguish wrenches other hearts than mine;  
To share, for in exemption lies no gain,  
That spectral agony, my thoughts incline;  
Yet not entirely the philosopher  
Who, being a man, makes all men's griefs his own,  
Nor commentator on a secret fate,  
Evokes this elegy. There are who stir  
Such chords of memory as might alone  
Their thrills to deeper strings communicate.

I.

5.

AND that irradiant tearful beckoning,  
Sent like an angel to a dull recluse ;  
The heavenly essence of an earthly thing,  
Immortal breathing of a mortal Muse :  
Was't not enough, O Arbiter divine,  
To make an ancient pulse beat loud as his  
Who new to battle finds him unafraid,  
And hasten heavier, wearier blood than mine,  
Who yet am framed for ecstasies like this,  
By age unworn, by doubts not all dismayed ?



I.

6.

THEREFORE my Song: No numerous dignities,  
As those the lords of music celebrate,  
Do I approach with vain apostrophes,  
Nor gods with votive staves propitiate ;  
The solitary Regent of my rhyme  
Derives more grace from sweet mortality  
Than all the lauded dynasts of the past  
Inherited from their ethereal clime ;  
And she hath wov'n no poet's rhapsody  
But will the slow and general doom outlast.

## II.

### I.

THERE is a Star beyond the visible

That sways the helmless planet that I am :

Say, Solitary, canst thou, dar'st thou tell

What film of nature draws the tenuous flame

Down to the dust of yonder eastern grave?

Not yet, although 'twere easier to resolve

Than my own interest in that viewless sphere

Whose power I own, whose light I can but crave,

Abiding sadly while the years revolve,

If haply time may bring the stranger near.

## II.

### 2.

—TIME, and my song. But, heart of truth, no more!

There's truth may not be published to the sun,  
Much living truth that breathing long before  
Its time, declines to dusk oblivion.  
Earth's parchéd atomies repel the stream  
Founted in light and fluent from afar  
Through channels undivined past drifts unknown;  
Askance we slight the supereval beam  
That nears us like a palpitating star,  
Or daystruck moon upon the weltering zone,

## II.

### 3.

ELSE why should I be shamed from breathing it  
—Tremulous secret!—at the fountain-head?  
Or why should aching Grief forever sit  
With you who hardly will be comforted?  
Would not Despairing Love at least be free  
To spread her mortal pinions on the air,  
Or Love Bereaved renounce her bitterest pain,  
Were Nature's counsels heeded faithfully,  
Who calls compassionately, "Only share  
God's pangs with me. The rest are borne  
in vain?"

## II.

### 4.

NAUGHT then could war with my impassioned wish  
But cosmic hazards ; perils understood ;  
Nor Death, the arch-despair, impoverish  
Of hope your hearts that he hath reft of blood.  
So sparely living flesh on faith may feed,  
Though faith sustains the substance that we are ;  
And early sets the sun on husbandry  
Whose fruits are meaner than the primal seed ;  
Vainly comes down the Reaper from afar ;  
The Gleaner burns his chaff contemptuously.

## II.

### 5.

Poor drudge Philosophy, that downward delves  
    Into the doomed foundations of our state!  
The fabric we have builded for ourselves  
    No skill of hers can ever renovate.  
Fanatic Science, her remorseless twin,  
    Vaunting where buried worlds have bragged in vain,  
    Would chivy on reluctant destinies ;  
Our mildewed pomps shall crumble from within,  
    Still sheltering while their rafters slowly rain  
    Oblivion on our barren boundaries.

## II.

### 6.

CODES and civilities for aye renewed

To pamper pride and deck our penury  
In gaudy traps that cannot purchase food,

And warn away the heart of charity ;  
So too, the naked faith of Eden grown

Into sewn skins, the garment of a creed,  
Whose rents and waste have recreated shame,  
Hounded the innocent to weep alone,

Or in extreme demented forlorn need

With heart's blood quench the heart's tormenting flame.

## II.

### 7.

—Lo even now the grief-infected World  
Hath from her forehead swept the offending dew,  
And downwards from her lustrous shoulders hurled  
Her cape of mourning round her robes of blue;  
Darkness with light revolves, and calm with storm  
Alternates through the dimpling atmospheres,  
Nor slow the migratory seasons change ;  
Nor slow sometimes inferior orbs perform  
The circuits of their measurable years,  
While systems through their speechless cycles  
range.



## II.

### 8.

CELESTIAL dreams wait on the eager thoughts  
That shape the visionary world anew,  
The fancy that exultingly extorts  
True out of false and beautiful from true ;  
But vanity pursues them to the end  
And agony of their impetuous way  
Who race with the eternal to the verge  
Whence the unfathomable dooms extend  
Through oceanic paths beyond the day  
Whose twilight dies upon the shallow surge.

## II.

### 9.

SEARCHING the star-dight hollow of his hand,  
Laborious in the lava and the slime,  
We from our little web would understand  
God's pathless progress through the seams of time.  
O for the turning-point, the journey home,  
Laden with caskets brimming from the mine,  
Winded with salty savours of the deep,  
Back to the house of earth ; the golden loam  
Of harvest, and the purple-dropping vine ;  
Pulse of heart-plenty ; time to sow and reap.

### III.

#### I.

THOUGH past the wasteful weening of a youth  
That sees the goal in every winding way,  
I am not old enough to count as truth  
To-day all that I traversed yesterday ;  
Thus thoughts fresh from the heart die at the lips,  
And many a promised music lives unheard ;  
Often a crescent dream shapes its own doubt  
And draws the curtain to its own eclipse.  
What wonder then if I have lately erred  
To let such press of strange conjectures out ?

### III.

#### 2.

I DOUBT no fervid daylight wind has drawn  
My fancy down illustrious tides of song,  
But fitful breezes from the straits of dawn  
Have tumbled the tormented sail along,  
Or hung it quivering in a pathless gust.  
—Certes, I never cast out of the ooze  
And murk of my influctuate anchorage  
To coast this edge of time's volcanic crust ;  
Pacific ventures manned me to the cruise  
Of floods that circumvent the endless age.

### III.

#### 3.

THEN might I wait upon the seaward gales  
    Until the wings of noon flutter the hills,  
And with the population of the vales  
    Watch the lank mists drop from their pinnacles?  
Dutiful Reverence and eager Love,  
    The captains of my pending enterprize,  
    Summon me to the freshet of the morn,  
Whose cloudy vortex, whitening from above,  
    Hurls hurricanoes where the foam-flakes rise,  
    And tumult through a league of ocean borne.

### III.

#### 4.

So have I done ; my barque has buffeted  
The surfs and spouting currents of the sound  
To meet world-roaming ocean streams and tread  
Far fathoms of the cavernous unbound.  
Now on the buoyant pinnacle of hope,  
Now in the leaden hollow of despair,  
Between the voiceless depth and songless height,  
The naked disillusioned soul may cope  
With Death, arch-phantom of the sunlit air,  
Unvexed by shadows of earth's crowded light.

#### IV.

##### I.

THESE canticles touch life and death's extreme,  
For they are tuned by passions that create  
Their own sweet-featured Love; their own sad theme  
Of Loss; both groundless in my own estate  
So far that I have never seen his face  
Whose passing I deplore; yet not so far  
As never to have seen the form I love;  
The countenance of my pale dream; the base  
Of hope's frail architecture, and the star  
Within whose unseen influence I move.

## IV.

### 2.

WHEN childhood's second dawn of consciousness  
Smote the first darkness from life's vacant sun,  
I call not to remembrance such excess  
Of passioned ecstasy as that begun  
Nor ended in love's visible half-moon ;  
So, too, I make disparagement of fears,  
Huge consternations at the brinks of time,  
With that far-off eclipse that shuts my noon  
In dusk of sympathy, and over-veers  
Clouds that to heaven's supernal crystal climb.



#### IV.

##### 3.

THOUGH I have chafed till Dolour took the form  
Of satyr, diabolical Despair ;  
And 'neath the covert of the summer-storm  
Imagined Ruin crouching in his lair ;  
Though Melancholy, fairy of green shade,  
Bed-ridden in my blinded heart at last  
Has aged into a haggard invalid,  
The troop of elfin torments start and fade  
At that remote premonitory blast  
And midnight's swollen bulk out-canopied.

## IV.

### 4.

IMAGINED loss, to heart inflammable,

Applies a coal that, kindling, sears the brain.

—God of the Sepulchre! I shame to tell

What throes this living soul has borne in vain;

What parching doubt has blanched the laurel-leaves

Of song while they were damp upon my brow ;

What dread lest earth refuse the toiler's meed

To him who sowing dreams would garner sheaves

Of golden thought ; what panic lest she bow

His painful spirit to the callous weed.

#### IV.

##### 5.

WHAT though I spend the morning of my strength  
To gild with leisure the departing day ;  
What though my dark aggressive fates at length  
Tread out the flowery border of my way ?  
Let me but contemplate the works of Death,  
The frailty of all he has in hand,  
Then I will meditate self-chastisement,  
And in a darkling passion hold the breath  
That utters such a grief where these demand  
The volume of my soul's advertisement.

#### IV.

##### 6.

If all that ciphered volume lie unread

By you, his loves, too learn'd in your own grief  
To look into a margin commented

By one who never even held a brief  
For consolation ; I will yet have done

Some justice to my own remorse, who spent  
Heart-revenues on effigies of pain ;

Not fearful lest, doomed to oblivion,

My verse add nothing to the dear lament

Of one in richer wreaths of memory lain.

#### IV.

##### 7.

AND though I fail to soar into the space  
Of music, and decline from my intent,  
Until the broken chords I weakly trace  
Seem but the tuning of an instrument,  
The Angel of the Border shall not hear  
The choral of his passing fluctuate  
One silver drop from all its golden flood ;  
So infinite the music of a tear  
From hearts so touched as yours that I may 'bate  
Unnoticed my melodious interlude.

## V.

### I.

In terms of life I may not speak of death ;  
I only mourn what he hath ta'en away ;  
No living soul's report discovereth  
A monster battenning on earth's decay.  
Do I wend forth beyond the clods of time  
To meet him in a spiritual plane,  
Lo, he is spirited out of my sight,  
Or, gasping in the atmosphere sublime,  
The armoured dragon's steely splendours wane,  
Stretched like an earth-worm parching in the light.

V.

2.

BECAUSE I have forsworn the anarch plot  
Of these demented times that, with their feet  
On thrones obscure of ancient truth, promote  
Poor carnal Death to fill a spirit's seat,  
I will but take him as the mortal foe  
Of mortal bliss ; not of immortal love ;  
The refuge of despair ; worn time's relief ;  
And mourn the majesty of youth laid low  
By his untimely hand ; strange fates that move  
The olden theme of elegiac grief.

V.

3.

No parted chord of friendship or of kin  
    Bleeds in my heart, though weeping blood be there;  
But since I may not probe too deep within  
    The tender sluices whose efflux I share,  
I would explore this sorrow at the springs  
    Of the rich earth, the founts of living bliss  
    That pulse through ducts of music underneath  
Sweet glooms of rock and massy gatherings  
    Of green whose glowing lips of odour kiss  
    The foam, and with the current send their breath.



V.

4.

WHERE that full runlet crisping to the main

Suddenly sinks in the sand-trail of the storm ;

Under the dead sky on the rueful plain

Mournful solemnities would I perform,

Nor further grope and strain into the dim

Sirocco, nor with blinded vision scan

The maelstrom of the dust for that which glides  
Intact out of Time's restless atom-rim

To the refulgent calm meridian

Reflected through eternal ocean-tides,

V.

5.

THENCE to our coastless country come the winds  
That, ere they faint to the oppressive earth,  
Keen senses captivate and eager minds  
Thrill with the raptures of their ocean-birth ;  
Whereon Faith dawning like a white sea-bird  
Drops down the moving height of air serene,  
And takes their eyes, who labour in the sun,  
With viewless vasts ; their ears with sounds unheard ;  
Tinting the azure fields beyond the green  
More truthfully than poring minds have done.

V.

6.

HEARTS of the open ; intimates of God,  
Sub-conscious of the heaven in goodly deeds,  
Shape Paradise from the dissolving sod ;  
Eternal fruit from one-day-scattered seeds  
Sprung in the humid summer-night of death ;  
Nor therein mortify the deity  
That spends a thousand ages moulding man  
And through millennial sabbaths takes his breath :  
The soul grown up to shun mortality  
Completes the heaven that living earth began.

V.

7.

O LIVING Earth ! Rapt nursling of the skies !

The thoughts of Eden haunt thee from the gates  
Of morning, till the sunset sacrifice

Appease the waiting envoy of the fates.  
Were mutability and frowardness

Far as they seem from many a starlit sea,  
Far as they seem from many a lispingshore,  
Celestial wanderers, spirits bodiless,

Might pass forgetful æons blissfully

Floating the moony ocean o'er and o'er.

V.

8.

THAT infant Adam who from natal sleep  
Dreamless awoke on man's intelligence,  
Unshadowed by the jaded thoughts that keep  
Guard o'er the hoards of dull experience,  
Might greet the morn adoring and prepare  
The incense of the evening in his thoughts  
Ere yet the oblique beam and the falling star  
Had swung night's censer through the lower air ;  
But from his children age on age extorts  
The birth-charm of a day receded far.

V.

9.

ELSE might I sound the wells of life so deep  
As truly to attest the thirst of death ;  
Or gain full vantage on the sunlit steep  
To view the uttermost abyss beneath ;  
And since to me death is the simple loss  
Of this sweet earthly life, my task is done  
When I have brooded on that earthly-sweet,  
And felt the shadow of oblivion cross  
The golden film of the eclipsing sun,  
And midnight's silver pulses cease to beat.

V.

10.

LIFE's mere white flame and melancholy glow

Fades from the transitory ash. The flame  
Is perished everlastingly. Not so

The eternal Heat, that goes the way it came.  
Clay indestructible ; Spirit eterne !

United datelessly to what vast birth ?

Lo, Chaos, spending forth unstable heat,  
Drops stars ; anon a world or two, that burn

Brightly and mild and leafily like Earth,

With tempering of night and day complete.

V.

II.

AND to those darting splendours tentative  
In surging cinders ere they palely lie,  
And to those trembling tongues of flame that live  
A moment from their embers ere they die,  
And through all wizard tincts of life's fast fire  
Cosmos hath lifted up his pageantries  
To richer pomp than his gross element  
Might cast through deathly distant space, though  
higher  
His chastened constellations rose than these  
That burn to the unspoken firmament.



V.

12.

PROMETHEAN theme ! What heavenly interest  
Subserves our clay ? Breath muttered from the skies,  
Thought's ocean heaving, bows the stateliest  
Poet of farthest fields and large emprise.  
But reeféd argosies have fled the gale,  
Through leagues of thunder speeding to the vast  
Of untumultuous motion flashing far  
A various splendour sloped from vale to vale ;  
And down the rhythmic wilderness have cast  
In the dark strait against the rising star.

V.

13.

—So may I keep my enterprise afloat

Though night confuse the storm and day unshroud  
A breadth of peril round my labouring boat

Lost in a steep horizon built on cloud ;  
And in that deeper calm may I have space

To un-man the topmost gusty coign and trim  
More closely to the thwart and stedfast wind,  
Whose rumour drew me from my mooring-place

To arduous mournful quests and journeys dim  
Past sunken freights that leave no wrack behind

## VI.

### I.

ONCE more my thoughts in ample measure move  
Between the dark grave and the pilot star,  
Revisiting the magnitudes above  
Through under-systems epicircular ;  
Yet still a frequent memory corrodes,  
Like a metallic canker in the tongue,  
My fluent dreams, and sickly tarnishes  
The splendours of those silver periods,  
Trailing the culminating stars along  
A cloud of dissipated harmonies.

## VI.

### 2.

—WHAT harmony has this with my true theme?

Or why should I, that brake the knots of time,  
Compare this actual with a foregone dream,  
Perplexing thus the tenour of my rhyme?

—Only that I, in labour as in love,  
Frequent the grounds of a memorial past,  
Nor oft with visionary hope rehearse  
What symphonies the altering stars may move  
Across their travelled spaces to the last  
Eclipses of the gradual universe.

## VI.

### 3.

YOUTH's wings like morning glow against the skies,  
Tingling to 'tempt the adventurous hemisphere ;  
Hope's golden plumes shadow his destinies  
Heavenward ere earth's flushed boundaries appear.  
But one I know who dropped his flight too soon  
Upon the yawning silence of the hills  
And unlit mystery of the rifted plain;  
Untimely old he faced the sunburnt noon,  
His one thought gleaned from all remembered ills :  
" I ne'er lived that I would live o'er again."

## VI.

### 4.

AND Hope, confused with such suspicious thought,  
So long has let her dusty pinions droop,  
That now the dewy runlets, sunward-caught,  
Are spent upon the dawn, and she must stoop  
To the salt ocean or the bitter lake,  
And through rock-tables quench the crusting brine;  
And in the crumbling sun-front of the shore  
Gather and spread the sodden tresses ; shake  
And whirl the glittering sand-bow, and untwine  
The bloomless down, if she would rise once more.

## VI.

### 5.

—So much for whom the fearful coffin worm  
Mocked, masquerading as his master, Death ;  
Mouthing with many another uncouth form  
That mixed deceit with honey of false breath.  
There's nothing in the nightmares of the dawn  
Can more than terrorize a childish day ;  
Naught that can shadow the infernal shore  
Where the battalions of death are drawn ;  
No spectre of a substance that can weigh  
On manhood's mailed heart stubborn to the core.

## VI.

### 6.

O YE to whom life's consummating pain  
Has been the loss of that which life has given !  
—In covert gloom my trailing griefs have lain ;  
On your fair cypress falls the sun of heaven.  
The pearly shadow rests on clearest lawn  
Cherished of all the elements, that takes  
The impalpable moist breath of coming night,  
And quickens at the footsteps of the dawn,  
When many a fragrant-couchéd Grace awakes  
That only heaven's dark screens from earthly  
sight.



## VI

### 7.

WHEREFORE, if any kindred grace of mind  
Be in me, relict of the thriftless years ;  
Or new-created like the shapes that wind  
Through dazzled dreamland when the sun appears ;  
Here I essay, as in another world,  
To pipe new music, though with trembling lips ;  
Or on decline of silence pending wait  
The unused tones ; or through their mazes hurled,  
When from my nerveless touch the sweet stop slips,  
Pursue the enchantment to oblivion's gate,

## VII.

### I.

GHOSTS were the paramours of fantasies

That never saw the human face of death ;

Nearer to earth lie dearer mysteries

And mortal spells of more immortal breath ;

And they who least interrogate the doom

That stays upon the issuing guarded wraith,

Are stilly conscious when the faint convoy

Passes the opening portals of the tomb,

Leaving the trusty lantern-bearer, Faith,

To illuminate a path from grief to joy.

## VII.

### 2.

THOSE shapes of knowledge, summoned from the vast  
By incantations of assiduous thought,  
Forsake us at the melancholy blast  
Of Earth disrupted from the Earth it sought.  
May Truth within a sceptic crystal dwell  
More prone to blindness than the fleshly eye?  
What view of Destiny can we command,  
When Change herself is hardly visible  
To fleeting generations that descry  
Only her footprints in the endless sand?

## VII.

### 3.

WITHIN a few flushed years the world has tilled  
The fallows left from meagre centuries,  
And Science sees her garners almost filled,  
Though Art has yet to tax those treasuries.  
As when the vats with sudden foison crowned  
Spout unaccustomed plenty, and delude  
Even the wary into drunkenness,  
Knowledge has drugged the prudent and unbound  
The eternal seer from his prophetic mood,  
To babble of worlds made void to nature's stress.

## VII.

### 4.

OF what has faith been robbed these thousand years,  
Whose calm dominion holds the infinite?  
Mildly she rules her undiminished spheres  
Beyond the gulf where stellar shadows flit.  
Within the shore of her still continent,  
Wastes coveted of her dim silver strand,  
Science, by nightly stealth or blazoning day,  
Has pitched her expeditionary tent,  
To plant new frontiers in the flagging sand  
Against an undiscoverable way.

## VII.

### 5.

WHO ruled the universe of thought and dream  
In days of old, and saw the central light  
Engage Olympus ; and the Ocean-Stream  
Divide us from the gods of day and night,  
Is one in faith with him who rises now,  
If any rise above this age's choir  
Of loud unwearied songful melodists,  
To match his numbers with the strains that blow  
As heart of ancient freedom might inspire,  
And wander where the wind of music lists.

## VIII.

### I.

NURSLING of early memory ! With mild eyes  
Attentive to the dawn's unravellings,  
And dusk's elaboration of dim dyes  
Beneath the lost moon's azure wanderings ;  
Spirit Day-born, yet amorous of the Night  
With bosom of dreams and world-mysterious brow  
Leaning towards the uncreated deep ;  
What sleepless fates have worn that angel-sight  
Out of its tracks of burnished dew, that now  
The watch-fires smoulder on the lifeless steep?

## VIII.

### 2.

DECAY in the momentous front of time,  
And splendours banished from the reigning star,  
And darkness plotting in the solar clime,  
Drop portents crimson as the wake of war ;  
Wherein the pale and unessential flame  
Of life, alien in bondage like the orb  
Terrestrial-bound within her liquid sphere,  
Goes out in red eclipse, whose shadows claim  
White panic's livid borders, and absorb  
The tenuous resorts of headlong fear.



## VIII.

### 3.

YET while hope gasps on time's tremendous shore  
Untrampled by the maniac abyss,  
And love-pangs cry above the black uproar,  
And sunbolts shoot through cold paralysis,  
Reason, alive beneath incumbent death,  
And conscious 'mid surceasing elements  
Of glutted ruin rolling down the doom,  
Through the storm-thickness draws a lucid breath,  
And woful face of kindliness presents  
To chaos and the vestiges of gloom.

## VIII.

4.

THEN Iris, multi-zoned, may float again  
Upon the perpendicular colure,  
Nor this sick eye with blearing frenzy strain  
To single out, where all are equal pure,  
One hue magnific from the belted maze  
And tissue rarer of the stranded light  
Than all the rest to beacon to the skies;  
For in the eternal vision myriad rays  
To that one splendour of the prime unite  
Which streams divided through our mortal eyes,

## IX.

### I.

WERE your best due the uneternal gift  
Of verse alight with immortality,  
And mine the only talent to uplift  
Hope's monument from grief's obscurity,  
Then you were victims of my errant thought,  
And I more fool to conscience than I am,  
Who cannot yet approve what I have done  
As service in the ministry I sought,  
Not having wedded sorrow to his name  
With long melodious rites in faith begun.

## IX.

### 2.

THOSE talents of the soul are idly spent  
That keep some soon-abandoned vestal flame  
Whose deity survives the sun's descent  
To the dead stars, and God's forgotten name.  
Eternal may to the eternal yield  
Praise underneath the ritual of time,  
But time, extending faith to time alone,  
Shortens the sceptres that the ages wield,  
Beclouds the kindly doom and mount sublime  
Of judgment spoken from the secret throne.

## IX.

### 3.

THEN I may leave thee, Spirit of the Dead,  
No exhalation from the cumbrous shades,  
Though at the call of morning it is said  
“ He cometh not ” ; and half the glory fades  
From the gold peak and whitening slope of day.  
But Thou, divinest, sweet Emissary,  
To the night-cold of my illumined state,  
Perplexed with earth-beams and the shattered ray  
Of vision parted from eternity,  
Still comest with a beauty uncreate.

## IX.

### 4.

CREATURE of hope ; Creator of despair !

Lies Tartarus beyond Time's citadel ?

Or doth this frame, lading the heartless air,

Hold all the hollow and the hoard of hell,

That hath no space beyond the sighing breath

Nor wealth above the seam'd investiture

Of this outworn mortality ? I hear

An answering tumult from the valves of death,

Wherein the ancient tones of time endure,

Sun-thunders echoed in the alien sphere.

## IX.

### 5.

To savage nature and the eyeless fates,  
Calm as the starlight following time's decay,  
I may the title yield of love's estates,  
And darkly pass on my world-beggar'd way  
With no such pangs of bleak impoverishment  
As earth's material tyrants keep for scorn,  
Or the mock-mirth of cynics may pursue,  
Attendant on my bitter banishment,  
So faith live on unharassed and unworn,  
Life having done what death cannot undo.

## IX.

### 6.

AND I who see the wrecks of many days  
On continental darkness, and the state  
Of time disrupted in a blast that sways  
The doom of isles imagined fortunate,  
Would wait, while antemundane chaos roars  
In the suspended kingdom of the air,  
For peace between the glassy elements ;  
Nor take my journey to the garden-shores  
Of some sweet foamless inland water, where  
The fugitives of Eden pitch their tents.



## IX.

### 7.

THE cold of chaos visited ; the frost  
Of sunless nature on the naked heart ;  
The heavy gains of conscience lightly lost ;  
Unseen the Day-star till his beams depart ;  
Love unbeloved till love grow old with hate :  
Then am I one with nature, conscience, love,  
Though thou, my Dream, must still a dream abide ;  
For in the shallow compass of our state  
The dooms of time are spent, the passions move  
Of the atoning God, and Christ hath died.

## IX.

### 8.

So lisps the creed most human, following  
    The Titan Mother murmuring things divine ;  
So gleams the faithful rushlight, flickering  
    Where the tremendous suns of thought decline ;  
So fall the counsels of the infinite  
    Upon the weary sleepful clerks of time  
    Who pen the lagging faulty minute through  
With formularies of accustomed writ,  
    Or set false periods to the wingèd rhyme  
    That should its immemorial flight renew.

## IX.

### 9.

THAT flight is where the mountain-presence shakes  
A glimmering banner o'er the fields of dark ;  
Or where the genius of the morning wakes  
In the quick voices of the rising lark ;  
Where sunset clouds, sued by the evening gales,  
Blush to their vests of gold, and anywhere  
Between the cold star and the coral sea,  
The fleets of music spread Æolian sails  
Through time's set current to the motion rare  
And silver transit of eternity.

IX.

IO.

THERE where the labyrinthine waters creep  
Against the cloud-foundations of the sky,  
Restful as time in its eternal sleep,  
Slow as the birth of immortality ;  
And where the horizontal mists sustain  
Heaven's uninhabited mercurial dome  
Across the white ribs of the polar stream,  
And crawling ridges of the sultry plain  
Whose earthward labourers build their crumbling  
home  
And sink within the furrows of their dream.

## IX.

### II.

HERE let us also toil awhile who ploughed

The lapsing deep for guerdon less than theirs  
On whom the manna of the evening cloud

Falls kindlier than the richest gift it spares  
The dreamer's solitary pilotage

And vigil of the havenless profound ;

For he is earthly-portionless who scans  
The shores of destiny from age to age :

He may not touch the amber surf, nor sound

The deepening flood ; his lot nor god's nor man's.

## IX.

### 12.

COME. love and life ; or, darkly, love and death ;  
    Though darkly, I would never wander more  
Loveless in life, but sweetlier die to breathe  
    The embalméd night of death's love-kindled shore,  
As ye have breathed who sorrow for your dead,  
    As I may die who languish for a love  
    Scarce less to earthly hope's laborious flight  
Than all the burthen of the charnel lead ;  
And if that viewless beacon never move  
    From darkness, I would still pursue the night.

## IX.

13.

TILL drowsy nature stumble numbly on  
The arduous highway's soft dream-boundary,  
And silver suasion of oblivion  
Drop time's poor pilgrim in eternity,  
My calm night-thoughts shall rove from orb to orb  
Of visible delight whose near compare  
Fills out the wonder of the far unseen ;  
Nor seldom shall the flowering quick absorb  
My halycon senses re-incarnate where  
Flown tincts of earth surcharge their misty screen.

## IX.

14.

TILL orbs and atoms vanish from my sight  
My Love's a star whose elements compose  
Beauty that separates the soul of light  
Into the white and vermeil of the rose ;  
But when the passage of the sun becomes  
Too ghostly for my comfort, and the earth  
Is nothing mine, or something unpossessed,  
Spirit and Flesh shall interchange their sums  
Of present-seeming unattested worth,  
And Spirit rise in deathless substance dressed.



## IX.

### 15.

ALL matter that has form and loveliness  
    Within these eyes' effectual survey ;  
Star-fragments of a distance motionless,  
    Bright webs of being spun in spots of clay ;  
All bodily presentments of such grace  
    As shape the sense of spirits when they dream,  
    Lack not some feature of eternity ;  
For the slow stress of time yields lasting place  
    To changing forms of nature's changeless theme,  
    Where death's no more than mutability.

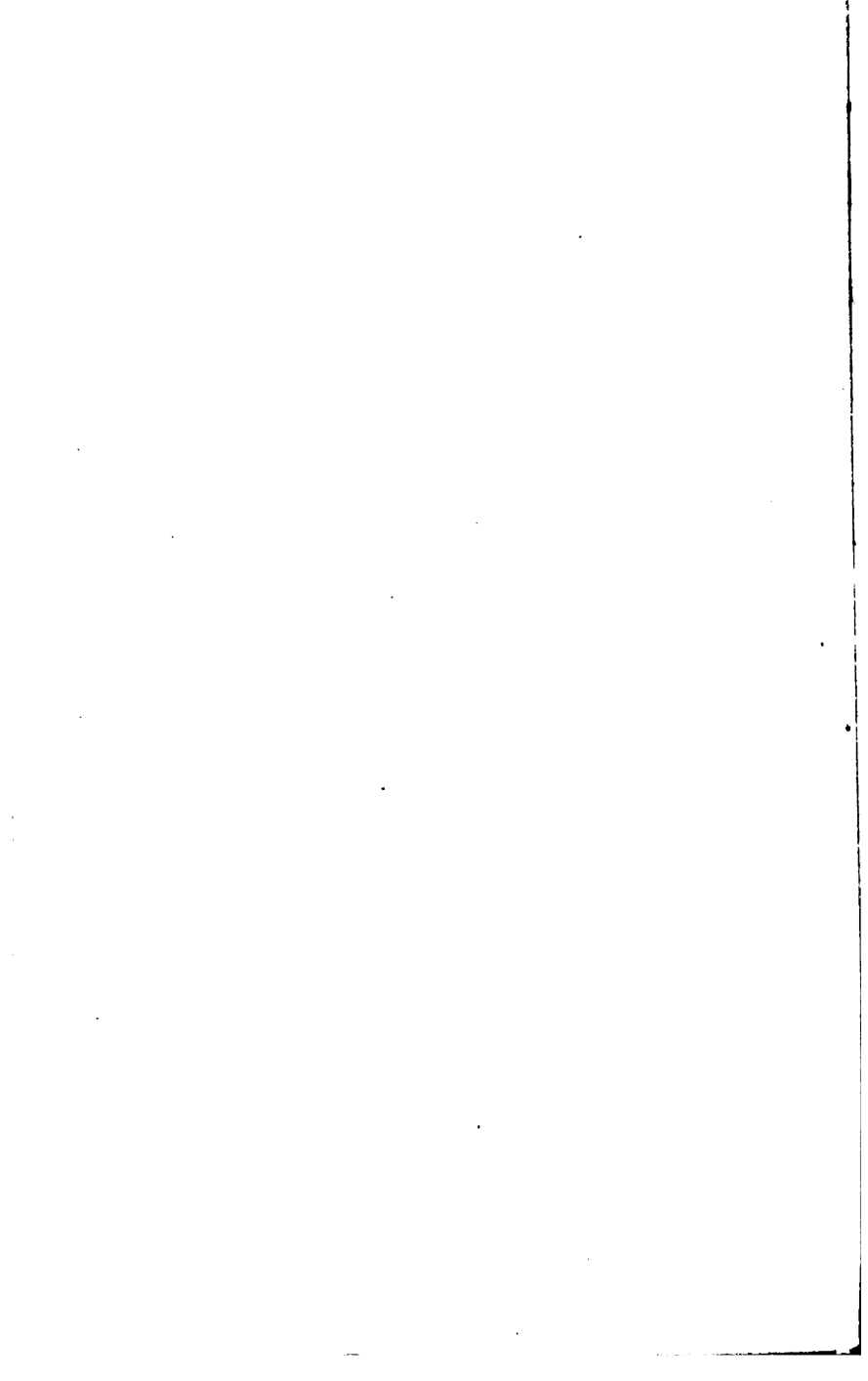
IX.

16.

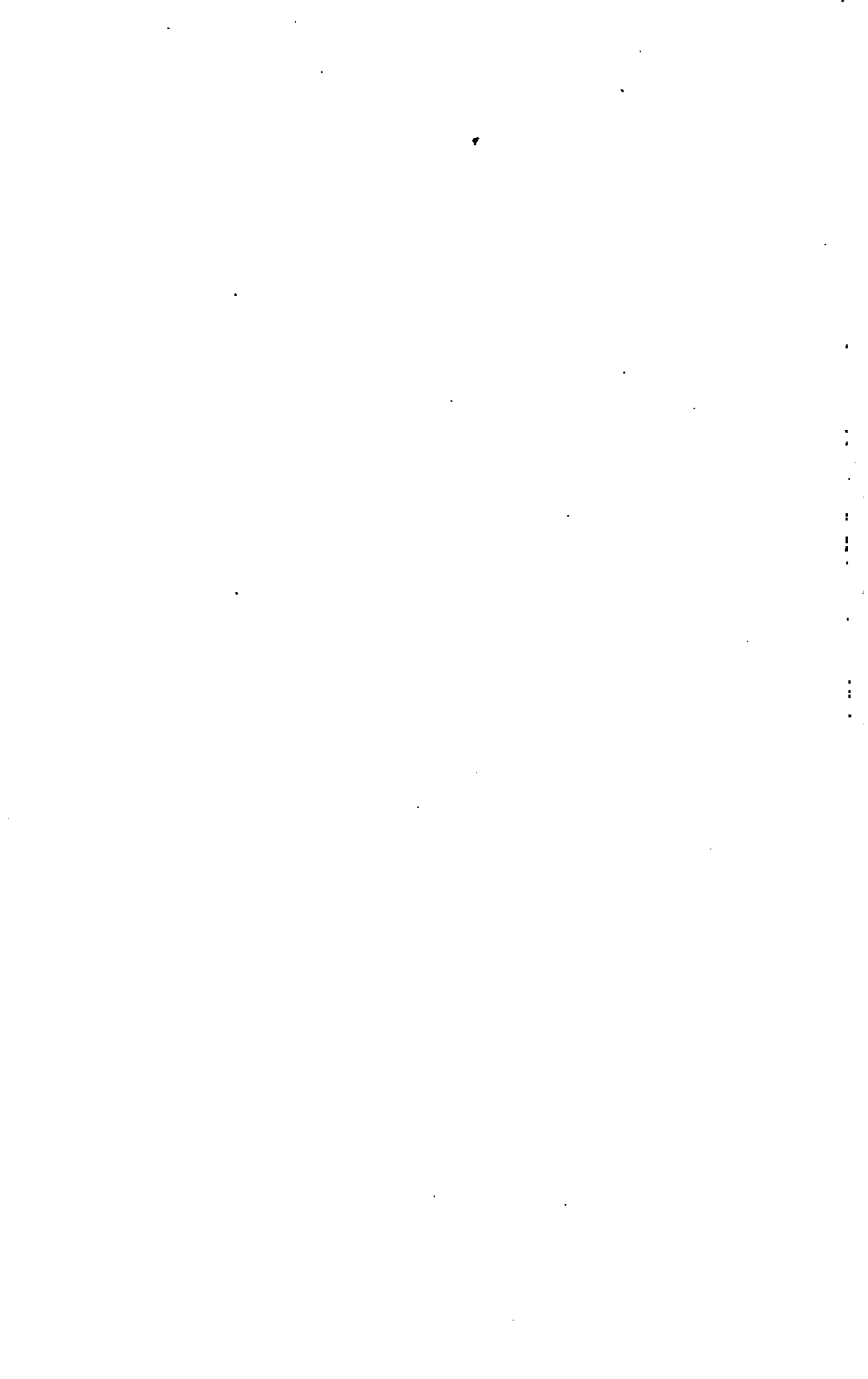
THIS, then, the end: not where my thoughts have run  
Towards that dear Star, too heavenly-beautiful  
To dwell within the sceptre of the sun  
And grace the bauble of a temporal rule  
With radiance borrowed from eternity ;  
But in the nearer precincts of that Grave,  
That lonely dark within the orient shore,  
Where His earth is, and mine would almost be,  
My dreams meet yours ; and all we hope and have  
Seems less than his who visits Time no more.



*If there be scrawled long notes of selfish life  
Upon a page writ sacred to the dead,  
Esteem them but as greening tendrils rife  
About the marble monumental head  
That never ill-become the sepulchre  
Nor mock the moveless dust that lies within,  
But seem the tribute living natures owe  
To what in death itself is holier,  
Or clinging sympathies that gently win  
Their artless way in the cold face of woe.*







YB 73628

